

## HEY, WHAT ARE THEY DOING

Hey there I want you to go for a run to clear your heads n then come read this kids. That or 20 push-ups, 20 sit-ups. There. Now, the point of writing stuff is to put it out and in people's hands and eyes and ears to effect their bodies and actions and words.

There are people doing things and telling people to do things and, I sit here uncertain of what I should say or what I am for but ah, again – it's not about how I feel. It is sort of but thinking about yourself cuts yourself off from what you actually is. Alright, now' it's easy to write an think of this shit in the midst of a dxm-induced, exercise induced. Mulling and thinkin induced state and clearly I haven't found the solu----- no no, this is not articulated clearly or poetically here.

Alright. I am sitting here as a person who works with words/ . I 'work' with words. Now how do my words work? What are they for? Do you know that the pen or the keyboard is mighty? Or the paintbrush? O you know that lots of little things and subtleties can add up in somebody's mind to change behavior, such as, if you hear snippets of people talking about veganism or other ism's, it'll plant seeds in people's heads and they may change? Then you get vegan restaurants, vegan coles brand fake meats, vegan MP's, vegan rappers. Ya see.

So, I could either smatter around some stories or ad hoc stream of consciousness ramblings and hope that it's some kind of fertiliser or seed or something, which you can eat up like maggots or worms (the son of man is a worm, man are maggots, or dust, says the bible).

Or, I could think about where exactly to put these things. In whose hands might they lie, and for whose powers might they be written?

I don't know what to tell people, readers.

I don't know what to do with my hands and feet, readers.

Those who have ears should listen. Those who do not have ears?

## ANOTHER ARTICLE ANOTHER ZINE

Blocks of words on a page, on an internet screen, it look sos tacky. It makes my profound realisations tacky because I can only think to write a damn article about them.

PAUSE.

Ah yeah more of that mindfulness trendy stuff. Pausing an thinking. Yeah.

Oh yeah here's what I was missing – self-criticism in-text. Trying to recount my steps here, back to when I started writing these things.

I like ot recount with as much scientific accuracy as possibly but accuracy was never really the point here but then, I just don't know what to write.

Wasn't not knowing kind of part ovf the point too?

What I did know was that running would clear my head. I pretended I was a robot or current on a circuit board on my neighbourhoob block. "Ha, hill. I want to go up it. I am going in a straight line up it. I recommend running if less tgime spent here is desired. Oxygen strores refuelling. Pollution detected. Updating urban map of pullution measurements. Integrating into weighted environmental segment of evaluation of socopolitical topic factor sets. Subjective experience factor: health estimate decrease (lung area). Recommend manual decrease of air intake and lessened speed... idle... Initiate posture evaluation in preparation for downhill run. Posture corrected with 30 percent erorr margin. Initiate contact with approaching semi ethnic family? Factor greeting impact on integration quality. Initiate greeting." "Hello". "Young white mother higher social status or child preoccupation perhaps explanation for ignoring of greeting. Ethnic father nod noted."

Approaches bottom of hill. "Recommend second completion of circuit for maximal exertion and

stimulation of Brain Derived Neurotrophic Factor (good brain chemical thingo).

The joy of givign! Confidence, goals, ahh.

Good old yarn, yeah.

### **JORDAN AND HIS GANG PLANKS**

I don't know if i've told this one before but a housemate of a friend of a friend of a housemate of mine kept big vats under the house. The vats contained all of the poo from the owner of the vats who ate solely the organic vegetables and things and weed which was fertilised by that same poo. He took chinese takeaway containers home from work with poo in them to add to the vats and mix in together. Then he's grow weed with it. He had planks across the vats which enabled him to squat and poo into them. He perhaps had a stick to mix it all with while doing so, too. And the cycle of life continues. Hakuna Matata.

### **WFTD WTF 3**

A friend was doing work for the dole at a church (is now employed well, with no reference from that place) and an old-ish man wandered in who smelled like wee. He said, "Ah well, yep, when you got no skills" but the guy was doing his postgrad then. A h yep, when you don't know what you're in about.

### **A drug and alcohol story**

These three people I know decided to go camping somewhere semi-isolated. They decided to take drugs and drink too, psychagelic ones, to be specific. Now, these people were a couple and another young man who had decided somewhat loosely – seemingly, given the disorganised preparation here – to come along. I don't know what they were doing camping exactly but the story goes, that it was very dark around there and the third man was in a tent and had taken psychadelic drugs and a bottle of phats. I think. He went for a walk, to go to a place where people go in the area to see, perhaps.

He was holding the bottle and stepped outside in the dark. He went for a walk and could not find

the other two and needed to piss. He had in his mind that he should piss in the bottle because it would be more polite and considerate seeing as he didn't know where he was on his walk. He also kept the bottle of piss with him as he walked along a motorway to find his way back to the campsite. He also saw some hallucinations that talked to him but I forgot what those were. There were a camping older couple on camping chairs who gave directions but I can't remember if he said if they were real or not. Eventually I think maybe they (the other 2) saw him from the car and he got in and, in the boot there were some things I remember that were important for the story somehow, and colourful, but I forgot. The End

I don't know if this is the story containing his talking mushroom story but it might've been.

### **Reason**

I do not support the views of Latham as my own interpersonal experience and innate reason applied to the world does not lead me to see anything good coming of media presence (as it is most of the time).

What would be useful is knowing where he sits, literally.

### **BAND**

I am in band, everyone has a part to play. Our band is not like the others. It doesn't really matter but it's why we even bother.

Someday it will be forgotten.  
I don't know, what's my stupid policy.  
Books and books, turning to sand  
where do I walk  
where do I stand

right now im in a band  
we've all got a part to play

### **MUSIC**

I have memories in my head of being secretive about music and movies and being repressed with what I could and couldn't partake in growing

up and I think I associate music with those cringy feelings sometimes. It's not right though, because music is good, and as my housemate said, it's just something that people do as a human activity that humans have done since we existed. Doesn't have to be all new you know, unless you're desperately trying to escape something you associate with it subjectively but you'll have to get over that subjective stuff eventually, you know, and get with the party.

## A MESSAGE FROM THE ALIENS AGAIN

We have noted the points system of number abstract symbol accumulation you have put in place for deciding who can have the foods of desire or not. To get the number points to count for the foods one must do the things for the points, our observations noted. The things that are to do for points are the things that are not make sense to us and is a problem. The game design master we wish to consult approach as to remedy scoring system or throw game in bin. To throw game in bin should be for points we dare say ahahahahuahauhau to elicit humour... we could not read the numbers and we saw a person sitting outside of a doughnut store who wanted a doughnut we could see but there were people who were eating them and it was hilarious that this person did not just eat the donut like the humans inside! We thought that perhaps the humans were not allowed to want desire ugly boots with the dirt on them inside of the store. And that it was the brown boots and not the number points discrepancy that stopped the person eating them. AhhahahahaHahuahuah!

## SMALL

I am small, I am not one of the smart ones, the kids on track to success. I am thirteen, forced into a classroom with a pencil case and my friends are not the cool or smart ones either but I feel familiar and safe with them. The world is still a fairly new place to me and it amazes me to think of the future and the past. Life is weird. I feel like everything's fine and carefree, I'm healthy. I'm growing, see. Pushing forward naturally with intuitive faith.

I don't have an adult sense of good judgment either. I drank half a bottle of Robo and I'm

reminiscing. No, I can recall both my adult better judgment, my drunk judgment, and my teen judgment, perhaps. But that means fuck all because I'm sitting in the same spot I always sit and thinking of doing the same stuff I always do, just, the streets take on a more illuminated, historical, adventurous, storytelling quality. We're all part of a story and a mission, we are. I recall again the Ted talk (ugh forgive me, Ted talks, I know, I know) about the loss of the Irish language being the death of beauty. See, the sea was the fisherman's garden with a white flower on top, in that language – that was the literal translation, so the language painted all the banal things with a little bit of purpose and beauty.

Our words, our songs that we sing in the bands here make the streets mean something more and make the people mean something more, don't they? Don't we recall feelings deeper than the drunk feelings and drugs and foods and sex and dance movements and looking at gauche displays of lights, we have to make beauty of these things ourselves and beauty does exist, it does. Excitement does exist, it does, worth exists, will exists, adventures exist, and you think, what does it end up as in the end? What's the meaning of all of this, why? What's it all matter? How's life make sense? Oh I haven't been this philosophical in a while, it's strange.

(Well, ah, the 'magic' of childhood, a real thing, it was, but the 'magic' of adulthood – the wonder and excitement and newness, it's a thing, it's just tougher to create)

Well yes, I'm, sitting in this banal little space of mine still, and, perhaps some meaning can really be made together. Not just going through the motions, you know, unless they are particularly satisfying motions.

I am feeling a bit better about being small. About having MY friends. MY people. We do belong together because, well, you know, we're familiar with one another. You know, even before this DXM, it did seem kind of amazing in a way to see all the people I know. That's HARRY and GLEN and MATT and HEIDI, and BOBBY sat in a chair in the foundry that time, and oh, it's the things I dreamed of as a teenager. People I dreamed of.

My story, before taking that ritalin, before drinking, before seeing bands, I was a growing teenager, so small, and on a website that let you talk on msn through your browser, I was naughty and at school talked to a teen emo bisexual canadian stranger who said, "Don't worry, you have all the time in the world to find your place in life" And it struck me as meaningful, then, as a teen. Would I ever find my place? Find friends that I admired, go out and do fun things, because we were like princesses in lonely towers, us suburban teens, gazing out at the world, weren't we?

## **BFF'S**

Do you remember friendship bracelets and things? Oh, in addition to the robo I have decreased my methylphenidate dosage a bit, returning to my old self a bit more.

Do you know that our first loves are not boyfriends but best friends? It's funny how a dissociative drug is making me feel more in touch with my past than before. I hope it lasts, that I will be able to concentrate in the future to even appreciate this. How much did I think of purpose, belonging, God, spirit and so on as a child? Meaning of life and all? Drug-induced psychosis it may be called, but psychosis is an evil sounding word to me – a slur or something. Anyhow, I can appreciate the world of beauty of the psychotic, of the manic, and I think that all our activities here that we call culture are in some way on the spectrum of schizophrenia or psychosis or mania. Our repetitive activities are a bit autistic, I think, too. My sister and I perhaps inhabited the world of autistics. Oh we all do, a bit, we all are a bit different from the world around us.

Church is a brain hack to make you feel good. Religion is a free drug or mental condition that's contagious; it should be like love. It should feel like when you're high on something and can feel the interconnectedness of things more. Do you believe me? Do you know the weird stuff i've seen? People falling down and all that. I know the experience is contingent on the right brain chemicals being had, and the right experiences predisposing you to interest but I hope you can

feel love too. Do ya feel it? All around the world...

Ahhh all this tripped out thoughts, what do we do now? See beauty in everyday things, yes, including seeing fun in this regurgitation of something that is a bit trite – love the little things in life-

Going to GOMA to see a film, how wonderful. Hippie commune experiment goes wrong: "come to goma at 6pm, hippies and lions trying to live together in harmony in a commune and it uh, fails"

## **PANELS**

If there's a damn emergency then talk it out properly. This is where media comes in. I don't have the scope and resources to do it myself but an institution with the ideals and ideally the resources and expertise to host it would be public media.

The first step is to find some problems. Ideally they'll be social or cultural problems that depend on how people perceive the public and how they're educated about the world.

## **TIME SLOT: LONG AS IT DAMN WELL TAKES**

Simplified for kids/all simple wiki version prime time.

Kids are on the panel too. As well as cognitively impaired. There is a spectrum of humans across the room, which is specially designed for a proper discussion, much better than parliament house. Much more accurate and sensitive to types of people that exist. As we know, there are the same kinds of people that are in parliament even though they represent people from across a map of electorates, and as the cooking show showed (the one with the lady eating dinner with politicians) their houses and lives are pretty similar. For instance nobody bought here a hala snack pack uber eats at 4am (aw shit that's gonna get me accused of being PC) but it's the truth of what some people do for non-PC reasons. How about rice, turmeric, peanuts, inidentifiable

Chinese supermarket frilly shrooms and Oettinger beers, followed by a hearty shot of Robitussin? Binned hot cross buns from the back of Aldi for breakfast. Unfiltered mineral-'enriched' tap water.

No parties, no chaos, just words and talking – but that's not how it is. I wanna see how the Muslims party. You could've talked to me and my housemates feeding you Bangladeshi cuisine, or eating nothing at all but giving you fruit when you turned up at lunch time at Ramadan.

Yeah anyhow, that's the human interest part. You watch how parties and households progress, you see all kinds of different people. Not some frazzled performer, just people being themselves like play school, calm, relaxed, or talking to you like a normal conversation.

## NEW ELECTORATES

Anyhow, these panels have reps from new electorates.

Argh I have that sense of unrest again. This is a good thing but also a little uncomfortable.

The way I can satisfy it is figure out what my premises for writing were in the first place, again. The premise of this, the reason for it's urgency, the motivation apart from it feeling good for myself to do, was contributing to society in the way that most exploits my own capabilities and most increased the likelihood that other's suffering will be reduced or prevented.

Now since I started writing this, I do see a little more clearly how we all play a part in a) preserving, conserving what is working already such as bodily functions, social ties, etc. b) teasing, agitating, mixing up a bit what exists, c) designing or reaffirming new possible experiences or social configurations and keeping those going to be picked up, used to critique, to contrast with existing conventions and/or d) sitting aside and analysing it all without necessarily proving or living out or anything.

I'm always a balance between them all. There's no designated times for them all, though.

See, you need a bit of self care as they say, a bit of dumb fun, a bit of changing things up, a bit of spontaneity, a bit of col analysis, science, sedentary, analytical sneering, impractical objective design, mix off all of em too, brekaing off, beloning,g, something in between...

Yeah yeah... We're alright, there's a bit of everything, like some big tapestry or panting you know, I'm just a little messy blot over here, you over there, all a big complex painting overall you know. But you see over here, it's getting a bit 3d now, drugs or no, too many painting layers or no, but I can see the other end of the canvas a bit and, I don't feel so great about the big picture and I want to dab some paint over there and there, and you – you've got a toothpick stick into the canvas you can look over like the prickly, lucky guy you are and a fire extinguisher with white paint that draws some perfectly square lines and EUGH. You simpleton, that's now how you do it.

If we sat together in front of a canvas, us two, doing what we love, nice things to eat and drink, beautiful breezy evening looking out over a view of the city or a natural landscape, and we had to paint something beautiful representing all of this country and wherever we see beyond, we had to choose colours and things to stick on it, I imagine like people with such a background in complex policy issues and travels and longer life than mine would see so many different shades to choose, to make something beautiful of it. Slowly, piece by piece, even I think back of YOUR mind was the simple drawings that get easy approval from some people, some dumb cartoons. But here you can't even draw those. You have to start piece by piece, sensitively dip into the different colours and little bits and pieces of glue on to the canvas carefully, slowly, relaxed. Lovingly, mindfully, thought not too deliberately – intuitively, kindly.

## A LITTLE F\*CKD

So I went to a really nice afternoon (9 twilight) house show with BENT and BRICK BRICK again, just in time again. Heidi gave me a little flyer with a note on it, which is on my mirror now. BENT played possibly their real last show

ever, with Sktye on violin and Glen playing drums for once and it was beautiful. I sat sipping wine slowly carving into the kitchen table with a cheese knife for some of it, glancing over the potted plants at the hilly Queenslander-dotted gum tree hilly landscape and hills hoist in the creaking old wooden house, hearing the violin, thinking of my old dog that dies, drawing him into the table. It was a really nice time, though I wasn't that sociable then (didn't make much of an effort as usual).

I sat around and chatted casually, pacing with the beer (I'd drove) and I had to vacate because of a Suncorp Stadium game soon which meant I wasn't allowed to park out front of my friend's place.

Walked to No No's, the famous Lebanese place and got felafel kebab, spinach wrap, and lamb kebabs (ate by myself on stairs in carpark, before vegan scrutiny [yes I am pretentious/just notionally support vegan ideals]). 7/11 coffee.

Saw 2<sup>nd</sup> round of Brick Brick. Technically just a practice, so not as much clapping, except for second time when people gathered in the living room and it felt really nice and close.

Secret Problem was a song where I knew what it was about, I think, and we all nodded in sympathetic agreement. Heidi, I think, has more conservative views than a lot of people around here but she's a distilled, purified version of the real innocent, confident, semi-rural, parent-respecting, maternal, but girlish essence of the best of it, if that makes sense. Aesthetically she references parts of my upbringing, clips in hair, tartan pajama cotton shorts, simple tops, always healthy and respectable by anyone across any demographic, I think – transit cop or punk dude. Got authority there, prophetess authority.

Everything's a little bit of a blur, though. Collective confusion, everyone various states of "huh" or "oh im here, wow" or "ey this old thing again eh" milling around the house. Various states of attachment and detachment, belief and skepticism, inevitably a variable group. I think I can fit in almost anywhere but sometimes I get a shot of perspective about how weird and thus intimately comforting my friends are. They are

actually quite familiar, after two years. Suppose it takes longer to settle in when you're technically an adult.

I went through some really anxious phases, honestly. It turned out that I wasn't opening up to people enough and I was just thinking, thinking, reading, analysing, being wary. I mean it wasn't hellish (I've had worse times) but it wasn't like how I felt as a kid at best friend's places or church or listening to music on the computer. It was so familiar but also so foreign at the same time. I loved how it seemed so genuine, so reflective of place and time (the music, art, interviews) unlike the US or BRIT stuff I looked up to (or 20<sup>th</sup> century stuff) but it was so embroiled in personal stuff rather than mass political themes (such as unemployment and class with Sham 69 or The Clash or media unrealism like Public Image Ltd). I felt simultaneously stupider and more driven to critique, to change the world than everyone. More cynical, but more stupidly innocent and believing in our potential and responsibility.

Eventually I just took compassion on us all. I'd stressed myself out about being a proper adult, changing the things we complained about, but we've got real limits. Sometimes we'll be the kids drawing pictures at the back of the classroom and it's the best we can do sometimes, you know. And there's a beauty in that too.

It's not that I'm giving up just yet. My sight of how the world works is coming in and out of focus every day (as it is with how our brains work). They're epiphyseal organs, you know people, you know brains – but they're the weirdest organs we know of and we all inhabit/are one.

I think of Latham, and all the inputs his brain would've had over the years. Can't imagine. My parents, too. It's like an ocean, the ups and downs dependent on wellbeing, on thought stimulation, on physical sustenance, sleep-wake cycles, social references, feng shui zen sleep hygiene ergonomics whatever else of your work/think space. Every little bit of the puzzle of your brain. One small thing can trigger another thing, a big thing.

Say, Mum and Dad were convinced that the internet was a vessel of the devil. I only had library books and just read penguin classics like Kerouac and Dostoevsky. Never had big pharma astroturfing disease mongering and never saw a psych but drank a pot of coffee and, took a rain to Brisbane in 2012, saw the bands I am friends with now. Mmmm.. Won't elaborate. Or, I hovered my mouse over the facebook page of friend's deceased friend Bek Moore and, when I felt the bunch to talk to her (because she looked ill, I could see that in my heightened anxiety about the scene in general, having read about druggy stuff and general lifestyled i'd been warned about in christian suburbia) I clicked 'add'. Anxious drive to help ease world suffering might've gone to her. Instead of her aching friend at her wake in Tweed Heads, where I met the person who linked me to the house I live in now, and wrote an article about in issue three.

All these little things could have made my life so different. People wonder why I look like I'm thinking too much. I don't think thinking too much gives me that much more control, but it helps me express more.

I was in a sharehouse in Southport with white tiles, a staircase cavity in the corner of the room (subdivision) and an ageing chipboard laminated computer desk and I hovered over some facebook friends. Bookshelf at the end of the bed, little case of drawers on top with the ritalin, and feeling anxious, few friends, but a few recent connections in Brisbane music scene. Third year at uni. I'm daydreaming a lot in that quiet weatherboard house in old cul-de-sac (neighbours with 5 cars, trolleys discarded, barking scary dogs, gum trees, motocross behind house, snakes, wasps, bees, you name it) paranoid weird landlord was spying on us through internet... I started to think that Matt K was sending me cryptic messages through his Underground Australiana 4zzz playlist, just about. "you should leave him... you should leave him for me..." He probs meant someone else. But what might have helped in my lonely, unhappy state was talking to somebody who in retrospect was lonely and unhappy in a house I now have seen, which is still empty for all I know, since she died. Her death isn't quite as agonising as Brendon's (Negative Guest List) who I wrote

about further back. She would've understood really well and she was older and from what I hear, suffering a lot.

I imagined once, when I wasn't feeling so good, that she'd think I was silly for feeling bad about myself. She'd be tougher.

A song, Run Amock, I realised I might've been inspired by subconsciously - 'boys they think they're so tough, come on lets run amock'

When I tried out writing wikipedia pages, I wrote about them. She said, twee was really subversive then, in the 90s.

She was a social worker too, Matt K told me.

She had an awkward moment outside Red Hill 7/11 and No No's & Rec Ocean Seafood too, he said.

You could go to her any time and she'd understand.

I'm writing on behalf of the mourners here. I was just a troubled onlooker tagging along to the house shows dedicated to their legacies.

stupid boys they think they're tough  
I'm gonna show them I can be rough  
holy fuck  
let's run amock...  
holy fuck  
let's run amock...  
mummies and daddies using cocaine  
I do the same

I hate pink it's only for fucks  
no more skirts i've had enough  
holy fuck let's run amock

## ORDINARY PERSON

How to be an ordinary person is that you grow up seeing that the adults around you have a part to play, or multiple parts to play. These parts must impress you as being important by a) being fun or b) being confidently believed in.

You must see some people in these roles doing things that match your body type, emerging

personality and ability, and your available resources. You must have a good idea of what these are by mirrors, social feedback, learning opportunities, and witnessing of (or hearing about) the tasks and attitudes involved in the performed roles.

Development into an Ordinary Person can be disrupted, interrupted, or diverted to an alternative path at any point of time during development.

There may be no or fewer accessible roles, activities, jobs, places, rewards or punishments for people with configurations of traits or situations, or one or more conflicting or incompatible options for action, none of which stand out distinctly as preferred by the individual's anticipated reward or punishment or as most needed to maintain society, which in return delivers other, indirectly related rewards (such as security, special foods, entertainment and so on).

Various configurations of traits or circumstances are noted popularly as privilege, disadvantage, role conflict, identity confusion, identity moratorium, identity crisis, cognitive dissonance, teen angst, anomie, social change, inequality, the paradox of choice and other terms from sociology and psychology.

It is quite possible to diagnose groups of individuals sociologically, as products of their environments, but to do that in unambiguous terms seems to have fallen out of favour except for in a few pockets of hip hop or punk artists, who even then strive to escape their pre-designated roles with an individualistic, snott-nosed, or pretty corny assertion of difference or self-belief.

That's okay, I suppose, we had to get from simple to complex somehow, in a series of mutations leading to biodiversity surviving mutating or eroding natural, or social environments.

For a while it might be about survival, then it might be able construction. Then survival, then maintenance, then exploration, then construction.

I don't really have full on existential crisis, I don't think, because for one I haven't had anything I've put all my faith in disappear. Though I did for a bit, lose enjoyment of the music I listened to every day and feel weird about politics, clothes, food, you know – the little nice things. I did retain a sense of competence and control (illusory, perhaps) in an interest in science articles on the Internet and my unscientific self-experimentation with legal mental health supplements such as chamomile and magnesium. I also had faith in faith and in the evidence that human contact was good for you, so I stuck out the treatment of hugging the cat and whining to certain people and the odd psychology therapy textbook or self help book (I admit). This was a long time ago and I was a silly hypochondriac but it was a prolonged solid splash of water that reaffirmed the importance of the basics and reminded me of the reality of other's suffering.

Anyhow, sometimes the roles, activities, likes, dislikes and so on seem like they are less certainly good, necessary, important or enjoyable. This may be due to a change in the ability of the individual (such as in biological changes of puberty, nutrition status, drugs or medications), in the configurations of society, or of representations of that society witnessed by that individual or group.

Some new activity, representation or role has to be created in order to adapt to the conditions confronted. This might be a reaction, recreation, response, departure, evaluation, refinement,

### **In the end**

So I felt a bit ashamed of myself in 7/11 feeling nauseated and tired, going for coffee but nauseated by the thought of it, managing to chomp[ a felafel kebab down with Sleepy and a bottle of V from King Aharim's. I thought, for all these profound thoughts I'm having, all of these sentiments and new comprehensions of what amazement and fascination mean, and how precious everybody is, that I have just taken a risk to my mind and body by taking a drug with a largely anecdotal evidence base for it's safety profile and that while a family member did take mushrooms, she wouldn't be proud of me



accumulating shots of dry cough syrup after a \$100 online chemist order. Even if I said it made me feel like I understood what God meant to them. I dunno. they'd be concerned but say, "the Lord works in mysterious ways" I suppose.

And, for all these experiences, you really have to COMMUNICATE because you can't just show someone by making everybody else take the drug, because it won't work the same way on them and it's not safe for everybody and it's not that beautiful vision of the world you want. In that moment I was conscious of just looking like a drunk, small, fragile, lost child or something, being a DRUGGIE, looking a bit fucked up (although on some accounts, I looked entirely normal, and I'd seen people look normal on the drug too). Can you picture a meercat crossed with a sloth? Crossed with a, fat caterpillar? And an 11 year-old enthusiastic girl saying OMG ME TOO?

Anyhow, luckily a new friend Helena was there, the ANGEL (and I've NEVER called someone an angel, I said) and Tom from Pious Faults cared for me, Tom fetched me some water, Helena stayed with me, I followed another group of drunk friends and ex boyfriend and sat a little way away, feeling a little ill and possibly at risk if I were to wander and she and Riley and another angelic blonde haired beautiful boy re-emerged and plonked right next to me in a little circle in the side street, offering me cups of tea!

Previously we had come from a show at Betty's Espresso, shooed off by a grumpy American 50s diner like owner who I can picture flicking people with a tea towel in one hand and tray of milkshakes in the other, but it was a bar in Australia and it was also an old house/cottage in West End and a music venue at night time so a bit out of whack but it was nice and hospitable for the most part anyhow? MANNERS played good of course, N we didn't get to see Orlando Furious. Another band played, forget the name but they were good enough. Few moments of passion, had a little sway to it, even on the Robo stuff.

Chatted to lots of people and not one drop of alcohol was had. Not one sip, not even tempted. This stuff was just too much. I wasn't even sure

I'd recommend it but at the same time, it felt quite profound and more in touch with the existence of all the subjective realities behind all the works of art and philosophy and religious texts and people's everyday feelings that I can be aloof to. AND it sort of detaches you from your actual feelings in that moment – I mean, what they would be, yeah? It's a drug, so you're not quite you, and I'm aware that from the outside that can be fucking irritating, this giggling sycophantic subjective rollercoaster thing, perverting and twisting perceptions of time and your emotions and it's GREAT, BUT. You have to say something or do something comprehensible by non drug users, alright? You have to take something away from it or AT LEAST not piss anybody off, and I am trying to make the most of the trip there by writing about it and uh, "working on myself" (yeah that's what they all say, insights about life, but i'd be curious about a trial comparing life outcomes and creative and intellectual for drug users and non drug users yanno). I mean, I'm making an effort to be humble about the drug and not sit there giggling and feeling smart like a smug hippie.

I thought, what if this is going to change me forever? Like I'll be marked as a stoner or something? Joined another camp of people, I dunno. Nah, EVERYONE's a bit of a weirdo, we're all pretty much the same.

Funny how a dissociative reminded me of my past and myself more in relation to other people. Sometimes you need perspective.